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THE NAVY IN THE NORTH CAROLINA SOUNDS.

by

J.S.C.Abbott

in

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HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.



LOUIS M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

XI.—THE NAVY IN THE NORTH CAROLINA SOUNDS.

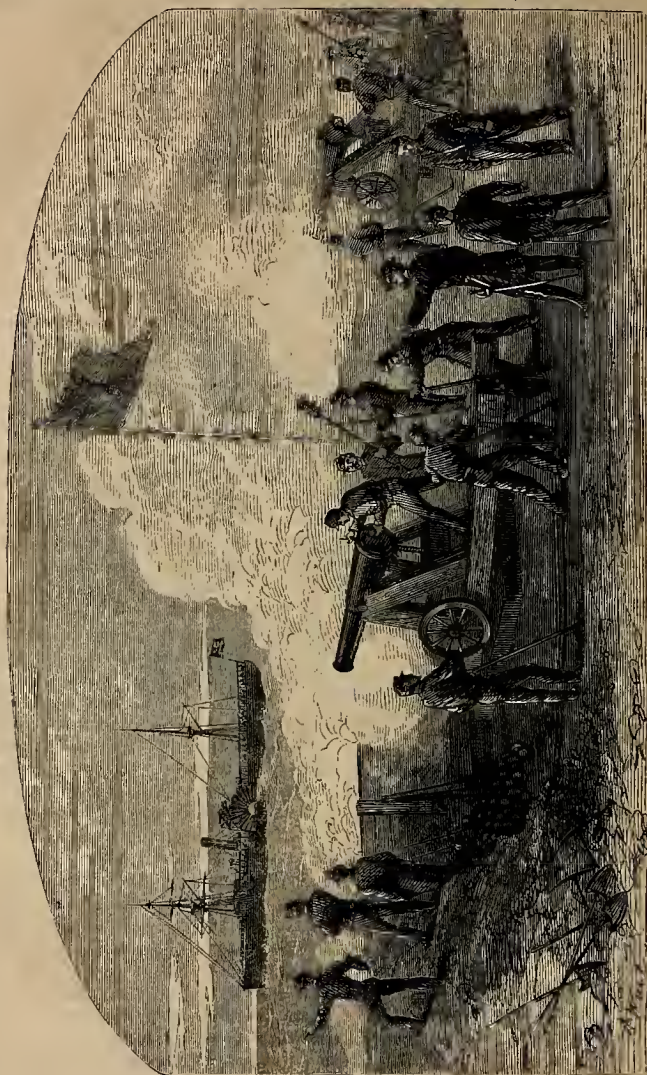
The Dispersed and Dismantled Navy.—Energy of the Secretary of the Navy.—Sumter.—The Star of the West.—Naval and Army Expedition organized.—The Voyage.—Entering Hatteras Inlet.—Storms and Delays.—Battle of Croatan Sound.—Capture of Roanoke Island.—The service rendered by each Ship.—Flight of Rebel Gunboats.—The Pursuit.—Destruction of the Rebel Fleet.—The Rebel Flag swept from Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds.

WHEN the rebellion commenced we had almost no navy. Treason, which was then in power at Washington, had allowed nearly the whole fleet to fall into decay. The few ships which remained were ordered far away to distant seas, that they might present no annoyance to the plans of the rebels. Early in January, 1861, a patriot garrison of about eighty men were starving in Fort Sumter, besieged by the rebels, who had not yet openly declared war, but who were endeavoring to get possession of the fort by starving out its de-

fenders. We had no fleet to send to their relief. Still more unfortunately, we had then a Government in league with treason, and which had no desire to send efficient aid to men beleaguered beneath its flag. As the traitors in the cabinet at Washington, having accomplished their ends, one after another retired, a few patriotic men succeeded them. They combined their energies in the endeavor to transmit supplies and a small reinforcement to the fortress around which the rebels were rearing their menacing batteries.

They had no fleet at hand armed with thunder-bolts to blow the insolent rebels into the air, and were consequently doomed to the humiliation of chartering a humble merchant steamer, of a few hundred tons, hoping that the rebels would allow so insignificant a craft to glide by their guns into the harbor of Charleston, to carry a few barrels of flour and a few bushels of potatoes to the heroic little garrison which, under the command of General Anderson, was

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THE "STAR OF THE WEST" OFF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

starving in the casements of one of the most powerful forts of the United States.

At 7 o'clock in the morning of the 9th of January, 1861, the *Star of the West*, freighted with provisions, appeared at the mouth of Charleston Harbor. She scarcely ventured to raise the national banner, but with a small flag modestly floating at her peak, without the menace of a single gun, assuming the meekest possible attitude, this ridiculous little thing crept suppliantly along, the representative of the navy of the United States. The rebels, behind their batteries on the shore, gazed for a moment contemptuously upon the approaching steamer, and then training their guns, opened upon her volley after volley of solid shot and shells. The terrified craft could do nothing

but turn upon her heel and run away. We had not a ship capable of avenging this insult. Such was the condition of the United States navy, as it was transmitted by the Buchanan Government to the administration of Abraham Lincoln.*

On the 4th of March, 1861, the new Admin-

* See *Charleston Courier*, January 10, 1861. Also correspondence between General Anderson and Governor Pickens, of South Carolina. *Reb. Rec.* vol. i. Doc. 18. In this correspondence General Anderson says: "Two of your batteries fired this morning on an unarmed vessel bearing the flag of my Government. As I have not been notified that war has been declared between South Carolina and the United States I can not but think this a hostile act committed without your sanction or authority." Governor Pickens replied that "This act is perfectly justified by me."

istration came into power. A true patriot, Gideon Welles, a man of quiet, unboasting, indomitable energy, was appointed Secretary of the Navy. There was now hearty zeal in the Government, but a navy had to be created. We had not one ship strong enough in her armament to convey a barrel of flour to our beleaguered troops. At half past 4 o'clock in the morning of the 4th of April, 1861, the rebels, from the encircling batteries which they had been rearing at their leisure, opened fire upon Fort Sumter. In a bombardment of thirty-six hours' duration they threw into the fort 2361 solid shot and 980 shells.*

The United States Government had exerted all its energies to fit out a small fleet for the relief of Sumter; but so effectually had treason done its work, in dismantling and dispersing the navy, that only a few powerless wooden vessels could be sent, and they did not dare even to enter the harbor. It was not cowardice which compelled them to float outside of the bar, gazing impotently upon the struggle without venturing to fire a gun. And when they saw the national banner fall from the walls of Sumter, and the flag of rebellion take its place, they could only return humiliated to the North to tell the story. Such was the condition of the American navy in the middle of April, 1861.

War was now commenced in good earnest. The Navy Department was called upon immediately to blockade a coast over three thousand miles in extent, spreading from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, and broken by innumerable bays, islands, inlets, and rivers. It was declared by the highest British authority that such a blockade was a "material impossibility." Yet within eighteen months it was done, and done so effectually that the same authority which had declared the achievement impossible, with a list in their hands of every vessel which had succeeded in running the blockade, declared that in no previous war had the ports of an enemy's country been so effectually closed by a naval force.

The whole extent of the coast to be guarded by a blockading fleet, according to an official report, was three thousand five hundred and forty-nine miles, without including inlets, harbors, mouths of rivers, and double shores.

* See statistical Report in the *Charleston Mercury*, of May 5, of the number of shot thrown during the bombardment from every battery:

	Shot.	Shell.
Stevens Battery, Morris's Island.....	183	60
Trapier's Battery, Morris's Island....	—	170
Cummings's Point Battery, Morris's Is.	336	197
Rifle Cannon, Morris's Island.....	11	19
Battery No. 1, Sullivan's Island.....	—	185
Battery No. 2, Sullivan's Isl., Mortar.	—	88
Sumter Battery, Sullivan's Island....	651	1
Oblique Battery, Sullivan's Island....	110	5
Enfilade Battery, Sullivan's Island....	600	—
Dahlgren Battery, Sullivan's Island....	—	61
Floating Battery, Sullivan's Island....	470	—
Mount Pleasant Battery.....	—	51
Lower Battery, James Island.....	—	90
Upper Battery, James Island.....	—	53
Total.....	2361	980

Along this coast there were one hundred and eighty-nine openings into which blockading ships could run. England, who had for so long been undisputed mistress of the seas, seemed to exert all her energies, in defiance of this blockade, to carry aid and comfort to the rebels. To the honor of France it should be mentioned that during the war scarcely a French ship was known to attempt to run the blockade.

In a few months, by the exercise of energy to which we can find no parallel in the history of other nations, the United States Government had four splendid squadrons afloat. The North Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Goldsborough, succeeded by Admiral S. P. Lee, guarded the coasts of Virginia and North Carolina. The South Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Du Pont, blockaded the harbors of South Carolina, Georgia, and the eastern coast of Florida. The Gulf squadron was divided into two fleets. The Eastern Division, under command of Flag-Officer M'Kean, succeeded by Admiral Lardner, who was succeeded by Commodore Bailey, guarded the southern and eastern coast of the Florida Peninsula, from Cape Canaveral to Pensacola. The Western Gulf squadron, commencing at Pensacola, extended westward to the Rio Grande. This was esteemed the most important command ever intrusted to a naval officer. A vast export trade of cotton, sugar, and other products had been carried on from this region. The great central valley of the continent found its outlet to the ocean through the Mississippi River. Plans were already in operation for the capture of New Orleans, and for reopening the navigation of the Mississippi. In selecting Captain D. G. Farragut for this responsible command the right man was found for the right place.

In addition to these vast squadrons on our ocean frontier an armed flotilla was called rapidly into existence on our Western waters which was placed under the control of Commander John Rodgers. This flotilla, which was vigorously commenced by Commander Rodgers, soon passed under the command of the then Captain A. H. Foote, who, painfully wounded at Donelson, was succeeded by Captain Charles H. Davis. Upon his promotion to Chief of the Bureau of Navigation the gun-boat fleet was transferred to the command of Admiral D. D. Porter.

The rebels, by the autumn of 1861, had erected such formidable batteries upon the Virginia shore of the Potomac, that for several months there was no communication with Washington by water, save when an armed ship ran the blockade. In March, 1862, the rebels abandoned these batteries. The advance of our army toward Richmond rendered it necessary to concentrate quite a large fleet in the waters of the York and James rivers. These vessels, after the battle of Malvern Hill, were combined into a distinct organization. Captain Charles Wilkes was detailed for that duty. In July, 1862, he entered upon the work with

great vigor. Upon the withdrawal of the army from the peninsula the flotilla was disbanded. In consequence of the liberation of these vessels a flying squadron was organized to sweep up and down the coast in pursuit of the vessels seeking to violate the blockade. Rear-Admiral Wilkes was placed in command of this squadron, and sailed from Hampton Roads, in the Wachusett, on the 24th of September, 1862.

In addition to the blockade of the whole Southern sea-board line various expeditions were undertaken to strike the enemy an effectual blow wherever an exposed point was presented. To the detail of some of these naval expeditions we now invite the attention of our readers.

The shallow sounds and inlets on the North Carolina coast presented the most favorable facilities for the ingress and egress of blockade runners of light draught. Thus, to our great annoyance, an immense amount of muskets, cannon, powder, percussion-caps, and army stores were sent to the rebels from England, and large quantities of cotton were carried back in payment. It therefore became a matter of vital necessity to gain possession of these waters. A joint expedition of the navy and army was organized for this purpose.

Early in January, 1862, a naval force was assembled at Hampton Roads, under the command of Flag-Officer L. M. Goldsborough. It consisted of twenty-three light-draught vessels, with an armament of forty-eight guns.* Most of these guns were of heavy calibre. The co-operating *land force*, under General A. E. Burnside, had been first rendezvoused at Annapolis, Maryland, from which point they joined the naval force at Fortress Monroe. They were organized in three brigades, numbering about sixteen thousand men. They required over thirty transports to take them to their destination. Five vessels conveyed the horses, eight or ten were loaded with supplies, a siege-train, etc. At 10 o'clock Saturday night, January 11, the combined expedition was in motion. It was a beautiful moonlight night. But after an hour or two a dense fog enveloped the fleet as it moved rapidly forward, gently rising and falling over the heavy swell of the Atlantic.

All day Sunday, the 12th, the squadron steamed rapidly along, with gleams of sunshine breaking through the fog, while the white sand of the low beach, but a few miles distant upon the right, extended as far as the eye could reach. Just as the sun was sinking beneath a band of cloudless sky the squadron passed Cape Hatteras. It was not safe to attempt the passage of the Inlet, which was about twelve miles

distant, in the dark, and the fleet hove to. On Monday morning, the 13th, the sun rose clear from the apparently boundless expanse of ocean, and a gentle, warm south wind breathed over the decks of the ships. Still a heavy sea was breaking over the bar of the Inlet, and great anxiety was felt lest some of the larger ships might be lost in attempting the passage.

The blue coats of the Union troops were seen on the shore as our soldiers were busily engaged on the earth-works of Fort Hatteras, which had been taken in a former expedition. The Stars and Stripes were floating proudly from a tall flag-staff. As our vessels, one by one, gained the inside of the Inlet, they anchored, just north of the entrance, under the lee of the land. Thus Monday, the 13th, passed.

Tuesday morning was ushered in with a cold, northeasterly gale. A severe squall and a dark cloud in the north had given warning of it the preceding day. As the dreary hours wore away the storm increased in violence. Scarcely any thing can be conceived more forlorn than the region of these sand spits, not more than three-quarters of a mile in width, thinly covered with shrub oaks, and over which the ocean spray was furiously dashing. With great anxiety those who were somewhat sheltered from the storm watched the steamer City of New York, which had run aground outside of the Inlet, and the breakers were dashing over her furiously. The crew had cut away the foremast, which in its fall had carried away the main-top-mast, and over the steamer, which seemed to be a total wreck, a signal of distress was floating. The night was dark, stormy, and dreary.

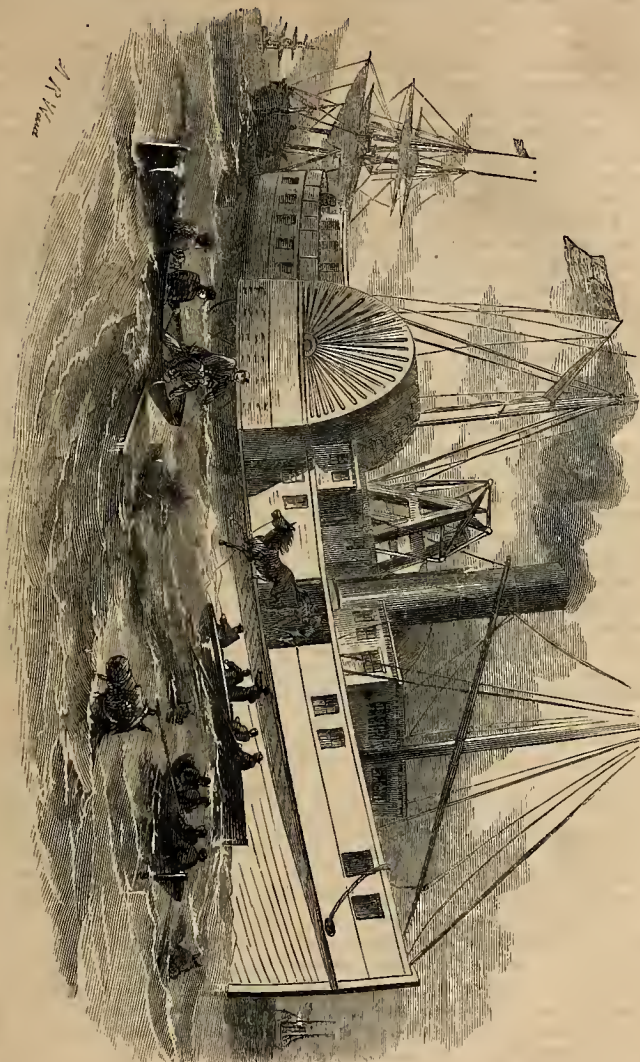
With the dawn of Wednesday morning, the 15th, there was some change for the better. The gale had subsided, but still the raging sea chafed itself in huge foaming billows through the Inlet. The crew of the City of New York was taken off by boats, but the ship itself proved a perfect wreck. The crew had suffered fearfully. For a long time the fury of the storm was such that no aid could be sent to the foundering steamer. All day Tuesday and Tuesday night the sufferers were lashed to the rigging, drenched with the spray, and in momentary peril of being swept by the surges into the foaming sea. The billows were making a clean breach over the wreck, and all the boats but one were dashed to pieces.

In this awful hour, when death, in one of its most appalling forms, seemed to be the inevitable doom of the whole ship's company, two heroic young men from Newark, New Jersey, William H. and Charles A. Beach, launched the only remaining yawl, and, accompanied by William Miller, of Nashville, Tennessee, Hugh M'Cabe, of Providence, Rhode Island, and George Mason, the colored steward, pulled over the bar, and informed several vessels of the fleet of the terrible peril of the New York City and her crew. Surf-boats and life-boats were sent, and the crew were saved.

Most of the vessels of the fleet were now

* The names of these twenty-three gun-boats, with the names of their commanders, is given in the *Rebellion Record*, vol. i. p. 89, taken from the *New York Commercial*. Of these gun-boats but eighteen, according to Flag-Officer Goldsborough's Report, succeeded in entering the Inlet to take part in the engagement. The names of these eighteen, with the names of their commanders, may be found in the detailed report of Flag-Officer Goldsborough, in the Report of the Secretary of the Navy, 1863, p. 64.

DISSEMBLING HORSES.



huddled together in a very wretched place of anchorage within the Inlet. The weather continued unpropitious, with occasional lulls, and again with gusts of wind which amounted almost to a gale. Many of the ships were disabled by striking together, and one or two vessels were sunk. Thus uncomfortably and perilously passed Wednesday and Thursday.

The next day, Friday, the 17th, a fresh southeasterly wind enabled several of the ships which had been dispersed by the gale, and which were yet outside of the bar, having been driven off to sea, to enter the Inlet and join the squadron there. In a great military and naval expedition, where so many combinations are essential to the final result, delays are inevitable, which no ordinary foresight can anticipate.

Friday and Saturday the fleet rolled upon the billows of the troubled sea, while all were impatiently awaiting the order to advance.

Sunday, the 19th, came. Though war has seldom any day of rest, the true Christian, even amidst all its tumult, will find some hours or moments for communion with his Heavenly Father. There were on board that fleet many hundreds of patriotic hearts inspired by the highest principles of religion. In little Christian bands they met to implore God's blessing upon their enterprise, and their songs of praise, wafted from ship to ship over the wild waste of waters, blended sweetly with the anthems voiced so sublimely by wind and sea. During the day a large number of horses were landed. The poor creatures, trembling with fright, were led

to the gangway, and with ropes tied around their necks, about thirty feet long, were pushed into the wintry waves. Then, by securing the rope to the stern of a small boat, they were led ashore. As they were thrown overboard, falling from a height of several feet, they sank far beneath the water, but came up puffing and blowing, and by some instinct struck out immediately for the beach. It will be remembered that by a previous expedition under General Butler Fort Hatteras and the region about the Inlet had been captured, and that the national banner now floated there. The fort was at the southern end of the long sand spit, through which the waves had cut the narrow Inlet. Further up this barren tongue of land there were intrenched camps, with skillfully constructed earth-works.

Though most of the fleet had now entered the Inlet, there was another bar, called the bulk-head or swash, still to be passed, before the ships would be fairly within the waters of Pamlico Sound. A sad disaster occurred to-day. A surf-boat was passing through the breakers outside of the Inlet, when she was struck by a heavy sea, which filled her with water, knocked down the crew of ten or twelve sailors, and tore from their hands their oars. Surgeon Weller was trampled down in the bottom of the boat and drowned. The boat, left at the mercy of the waves, was soon upset. Colonel Allen, and the second-mate, James Taylor, were both drowned. The whole crew would have perished but that a tug chanced to be near, which picked up the men struggling in the waves.

Gradually, but laboriously, the transports and gun-boats were got over the swash into deep water. While this toilsome operation was in progress, in which it was necessary to lighten some of the ships of every thing which would add to their depth, the explosion of heavy guns was heard in the direction of Croatan Sound. Some of the gun-boats had steamed up within sight of the rebel batteries on Roanoke Island, and the rebels had opened upon them with 32-pound shot, inflicting, however, no damage. The night of Wednesday, the 22d, was intensely dark, and a dense fog enveloped the fleet. Aided by the wind, blowing strongly from the sea, and by the quantity of water which it forced into the Inlet, several more ships were taken over the swash.

Quite a number of contrabands, some fifty in all, had now made their appearance on shore at the camps. Through a thousand hair-breadth escapes they had made their way to the Union flag. They were all intensely loyal, and were kindly received. Five or six came down the Sound in an open boat. Their clothing was in rags, their bodies emaciated with hunger, and they had suffered all but death from their exposure on the land and on the sea. It appeared that they had escaped from one of the northern counties of North Carolina. For five weeks they struggled through the woods, traveling mostly by night, and living upon

roots and herbs. Reaching Albemarle Sound, they seized a boat which they found upon the shore, and paddled down the eastern side of Roanoke Island to the fleet. They were fired upon frequently by the rebel sentries, but ran the gauntlet in safety.

It was cold, wintry weather, and the sea was swept by a constant succession of gales. On Sunday, the 26th, Flag-Officer Goldsborough sent a dispatch to Secretary Welles, stating that seventeen vessels, bearing an armament of forty-eight guns, had crossed the bulk-head. Eleven of these guns were of 9-inch calibre; two were 100-pounder rifled guns; two were rifled 80-pounders. The remainder ranged from 32 to 12-pounders.*

"The channel-way of this bulk-head," says Flag-Officer Goldsborough, "is shallow, narrow, and tortuous. Under the most favorable circumstances scarcely an inch more than seven and a half feet of water can be found in it. It was only by the greatest exertions and perseverance on the part of my officers and men, and by turning every possible expedient to prompt account, that our vessels of the heaviest draught—some of them drawing quite eight feet—were worked through this perplexing gut; and it was in contending with this difficult passage, with our vessels struggling along, unavoidably one by one, that I first expected opposition from the enemy. But nothing of the sort occurred. Until quite recently he was in the habit of visiting this neighborhood weekly, and amusing himself by keeping just out of harm's way, and expending ammunition from rifled guns at the vessels in this harbor. In no instance, however, did any projectile of his ever reach one of them. I had occasion to send out a steamer, day before yesterday, to ascertain if a certain buoy in the Sound was still in its place, and while engaged in this service she discovered two rebel steamers in the distance. On the fact being communicated to Commander Rowan he instantly put after them with several of our steamers. But they at once took to flight, and were too far off to be overhauled. Any decided approach to this quarter now, on the part of the enemy, with all the force he could muster, would, to a moral certainty, result in his speedy capture or destruction. The

* See Report of the Secretary of the Navy, 1862, p. 60. Flag-Officer Goldsborough, in his dispatch, says: "I have the honor to inform the Department that I arrived here from Hampton Roads, in the army transport Spaulding, on the morning of the 13th, just at the commencement of a strong northeast gale of wind, which lasted until the morning of the 15th, when for the first moment we were able to commence moving our naval vessels to a position in the Sound, over and beyond the bulk-head, where seventeen of them now lie, and have been lying for several days, under the immediate command of Commander Rowan, in full readiness for operations of any sort. This, in effect, now gives us the naval command of the Sound. Its military command will be secured by taking Roanoke Island."

"General Burnside is here with most of his vessels and all of his troops. Owing to various difficulties it was not in his power, before yesterday, to make any rapid progress in getting his vessels over the bulk-head."

CONFESSIONS IN THE SWAMP.



Commodore Perry has arrived, and General Burnside has succeeded in getting a considerable number of his vessels over the bulk-head. Things now look hopeful, and I trust that we shall be at the enemy very soon."

Still there were delays, though every nerve of energy was strained, both on the part of Flag-Officer Goldsborough in the fleet, and General Burnside in command of the land-force, to push the expedition forward to certain victory. On the morning of the 4th of February a small sail-boat was seen far away in the horizon, and a gun-boat was sent in pursuit of it. Nineteen patriotic negroes were found in the boat, who had escaped from the enemy, and were seeking refuge on board the Union fleet. The hour of action was now at hand. General

Burnside issued a proclamation to his soldiers breathing that spirit of humanity which, in his nature, was blended with chivalric courage which could not be surpassed.

"In the march of the army," he said, "all unnecessary injuries to houses, barns, fences, and other property will be carefully avoided. And in all cases the laws of civilized warfare will be carefully observed. Wounded soldiers will be treated with every care and attention, and neither they nor prisoners must be insulted by word or act."

At an early hour in the morning of Wednesday, the 5th of February, the whole fleet, after three weeks and two days of preparation at Hatteras Inlet, were in motion, steaming up Pamlico Sound in the direction of Roanoke

Island. The flag-ship Philadelphia, bearing Commodore Goldsborough, led the squadron. The gun-boats followed, stretching along in a single line, with about the same space between each. Then came the transports bearing the land troops. General Burnside was on board a nimble little propeller called the Picket, gliding about among the transports with signals for movement and for the landing of the troops.

The appearance which the fleet now presented was both beautiful and sublime, and it must have struck terror into the hearts of those rebels on Roanoke Island who were anxiously watching its approach. They must have felt that the hour of doom was at hand. Some speak of the *conscientiousness* of the rebels. But it is an abuse of the word to apply it to those traitorous acts which, without any adequate cause, plunged such a nation as ours into a bloody and desolating war. The fleet thus ascending the Sound consisted in all, gun-boats and transports, of sixty-five vessels. Each brigade was formed in three columns, with the flag-ship of the brigade taking the lead. Each large steamer had two, and sometimes three schooners in tow, whose tall masts, swaying on the gently-undulating sea, added much to the picturesqueness of the scene. The spaces, or aisles, between the three columns were unbroken, and the whole squadron extended for a distance of about two miles. It was about thirty-eight miles from Hatteras Inlet to Roanoke Island, the destination of the fleet. About fifty vessels were left behind at the Inlet, chiefly loaded with military stores. Provisions for fifteen days were taken with the naval fleet.

The day was beautiful. A gentle wind came

breathing down from the north, and a few fleecy clouds embellished the deep blue sky. The low and swampy main land of the North Carolina coast could be clearly discerned far away on the left of the broad Sound. At sundown the fleet dropped anchor within ten miles of the lower point of Roanoke Island. The night was cheered by bright moonlight. The lamps gleaming from the ships presented the aspect of a city on the sea. Picket-boats glided to and fro, to guard against any possibility of surprise.

At eight o'clock the next morning, Thursday, February 6, the fleet again weighed anchor, the gun-boats leading quite in the advance. The morning was dark and gloomy, with heavy clouds scudding through the sky, menacing an approaching storm. The squadron now drew near Croatan Sound, the comparatively narrow sheet of water which extends west of Roanoke Island to the main land. As innumerable shoals abounded, and the rebels had removed nearly all the buoys, the progress was very slow. At a low point on the east were seen the ruins of a light-house which the Vandalism of treason had destroyed.

By eleven o'clock the rain began to fall, and such a dismal storm set in that it became necessary, in those treacherous seas, again to come to anchor. Two picket-boats occupied positions a mile in advance of the fleet, and kept a careful watch through the night. The most vigorous precautions were adopted by them to guard against surprise by rebel rams, torpedoes, or gun-boats. Anchors were dropped with buoys attached, so that at a moment's warning the cables could be slipped, and the pickets, giving the alarm, could run within the line of



SHORES OF THE SOUND.



MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

the gun-boats. All lights were concealed, and every sound was hushed. As the night deepened a dense fog arose, enveloping the whole region in a veil so impenetrable that no object could be seen at the distance of twenty feet. The approach of any hostile craft was to be signaled by the burning of green lights.

Toward morning of Friday, the 7th, the fog dispersed, and the sun rose in almost a cloudless sky. The picket-boats returned to the squadron, and, passing the Southfield, to which Commodore Goldsborough had transferred his flag from the Philadelphia, were ordered to

request General Burnside to close up with the transports as speedily as possible, as the Commodore intended immediately to penetrate the Inlet and open the action. At ten o'clock the gun-boats moved forward and entered Croatan Sound, through the narrow passage called Roanoke Inlet.

The gun-boats threaded the narrow channel between a group of low, marshy islands, and were followed by the transports, which were led by the steamer R. S. Spaulding, with General Burnside on board. Immediately upon entering the Sound they came in sight

of the rebel gun-boats, "eight in number, all being drawn up behind an extensive obstruction formed by a double row of piles and sunken vessels stretching well across the Sound, and between the forts on Pork and Wier's Points." It was then just half past 10 o'clock. A signal-gun from one of the rebel gun-boats announced the approach of the patriot fleet, and summoned every rebel on the sea and on the land to his post for the battle. Nelson's famous order was signaled from the Union flag-ship. "This day our country expects that every man will do his duty!"

At half past 11 the battle was opened by the first gun from the flag-ship upon the rebel gun-boats. In half an hour the engagement became general, and the signal was displayed for close action. The rebel fleet slowly retreated, with the evident design of drawing our ships within close range of the batteries on the shore. The 100-pound Parrott gun on board the Southfield spoke with a voice of thunder which rose above all the din of the conflict, hurtling its mammoth shells with hideous shrieks through the air, and bursting them with terrific destruction in the midst of the foe. The rebels also had a 100-pounder Parrott on one of their boats with which they returned bolt for bolt. Occasionally a shot from the shore batteries came ricocheting over the waves, but fired with inaccuracy, which indicated the inexperience of the gunners.

Slowly the rebel squadron withdrew before our advancing fleet until we found our progress arrested by the line of piles and sunken vessels of which we have spoken, which extended across the channel, behind the shelter of which the rebels had commenced their fight. These obstructions were guarded by forts at each end. One, called Fort Barstow, was on the island; the other, Fort Forrest, was on the main land. Our fleet now turned its attention to silencing these batteries. Gradually the fire from the guns of the main fort on the island slackened, and it was thought that they were so far silenced by the bombardment of the fleet that the fort could now be successfully stormed by the land-force. About two miles south of the battery there was a small cove called Ashby's Harbor. Lieutenant Andrews, with a boat's crew, pulled ashore to examine the depth of water, and to select a good place for the landing. It was an enterprise which required both prudence and intrepidity. Nobly the Lieutenant performed his mission. Having finished his soundings he went ashore. The gleam of bayonets in the distance and other indications led him to conclude that there was a concealed battery which commanded the landing.

He returned to his boat, and had scarcely shoved from the land when thirty men sprang up from the tall grass and discharged a volley of bullets at his boat. One man only was severely wounded. A very intelligent young slave, Thomas R. Robinson, who had escaped from his master, pointed out the harbor and

gave much other valuable aid to the expedition.* The bombardment from the fleet was still kept vigorously up, and from the transports the enormous shells could be seen striking the battery, and in their explosion throwing up columns of sand and water fifty feet into the air.

While preparations were going on for landing, at 1 o'clock a dense column of smoke rose from the fort, indicating that a portion of the quarters were on fire. A shell had been thrown among the dry corn-husks of the barracks, and a lurid flame was soon seen leaping up through the thick black smoke. Still the battery kept up a slackening fire. The conflagration evidently gained upon the garrison; but through the increasing smoke and billowy fire, which apparently enveloped the entire quarters, one gun still kept up a vigorous fight. Its heavy boom was followed by a ricocheting shot, badly aimed, and which rarely did any injury.

The Union gun-boats now came within shorter range and poured into the doomed battery, with great precision, an appalling storm of shot and shell. The rebel gun-boats were still hovering in the distance, eagerly watching for an opportunity to strike a blow. They were, however, very wary of coming within reach of our guns. At one time a few of them came round Wier's Point and advanced, indicating an intention to attack our fleet, but probably designing only to draw our attention from effecting a landing. A brief but brisk contest ensued. Soon one of the rebel ships hauled off and ran ashore. The cause was soon explained. A Union shell had set fire to the steamer. Smoke began to arise and flames to burst forth, and the whole majestic fabric was soon a roaring furnace of fire. It afterward appeared that this ship was the Curlew, the flag-ship of the rebel Commodore Lynch. A 100-pound shell from the Southfield had burst upon her deck. There was but little air stirring, and the fire from our gun-boats was so incessant that, at times, they were so enveloped in smoke as to hide them entirely from sight.

It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. To cover the landing of the troops from the transports three of our gun-boats took positions along the shore to shell the woods. Their terrible missiles of destruction, rising in a graceful sweep through the air, dropped among the trees and exploded with thunder roar, cutting down the forest with their fragments hurled in all directions. Two steamers took position close to the landing-point, with guns well trained and heavily loaded, to guard against any rush of the foe from ambushade. The

* See Rebellion Record, vol. i. p. 100. The Louisville Journal, February 22, 1862, says that F. B. Remington, of the Thirtieth New York Regiment, "piloted the expedition to the landing-place on Roanoke Island, and in no small degree thus contributed to the great victory won by our forces."

BOMBARDMENT OF ROANOKE ISLAND.



rebel craft, seeing a portion of the gun-boat fleet drawn off to protect the landing, again ventured, about 4 o'clock, another cautious attack upon the gun-boats which remained bombarding the battery.

It was now 4 o'clock P.M. For half an hour the fight between the gun-boats continued with much spirit. The rebel boats then steamed up the Sound and disappeared. Night was approaching. Our vessels, however, still continued the bombardment, with an occasional response from the battery, until 6 o'clock, when they hauled off for the night. As darkness settled down over the scene, and the exhausted combatants threw themselves upon their couches to seek repose in preparation for the renewal of the conflict on the morrow, silence,

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like that of the sepulchre, succeeded the tumult of the day. But through the night there could be seen upon the island the glow of the smouldering fire which had laid the barracks of the foe in ashes. During the day about fifteen hundred shot and shell were thrown by our ships into the rebel works. The casualties during the conflict had been small, surprisingly small. Indeed, nothing is more strange than that a battle can be waged for so many hours with the most ponderous and destructive weapons which modern art can create, and yet so few be hurt. On board the Union fleet six men only were killed, seventeen wounded, and two missing. Officers and men were alike eager to accomplish their task, and no one seemed to shrink either from toil or danger.

Several of the ships were brought as near the battery as the water would allow.

The Delaware ran within a ship's-length of the shore, and throwing shell of but five-second fuse, opened a terrible flanking fire upon the battery at Pork Point. Lieutenant Commanding Quackenbush went on shore in his boat with his acting aid, F. R. Curtis, and took possession of a rebel tent, which he brought on board. He then ran down the island with the Delaware about a thousand yards, and, by shelling the woods, drove off the rebel troops concealed there, and thus covered the landing of General Burnside's troops.

The Roanoke, opening fire at the distance of about eight hundred yards, and gradually closing in to about two hundred yards, threw during the day one hundred and seventy 9-inch shells and twenty shrapnels. The ship was struck seven times by round shot from the battery. One shot passed through the magazine and through an empty powder-tank. One went between the engine and the boiler. Notwithstanding these narrow escapes the vessel was not seriously injured. No one was killed. One man only had his leg broken by a splinter.

The Valley City took a position about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, and in company with four other steamers poured their storm of shot and shell into the battery. A round shot from one of the rebel guns struck the foremast of the Valley City, very nearly cutting it off. It was about 2 o'clock when it became evident that our shells had set the fort on fire. About 3 o'clock the flames were raging so fiercely that in the attempt to extinguish them the garrison was compelled to abandon for a time most of its guns. As the rebel fire was thus slackened, the Valley City, still belching forth its incessant fire, ran a quarter of a mile nearer to the shore. At half past 5, in obedience to a signal, the steamer was drawn out of the range of fire and anchored, having, in a heroic day's work, thrown shot and shell in all amounting to five hundred and seventy-three. Neither ship nor crew received any injury. The rebels fired wildly, and not a shot struck the ship. The next morning at 10 o'clock this steamer stood in again toward the shore, and vigorously renewed the conflict.

The Commodore Barney, in its eagerness to pitch its shells plump into the battery, advanced so near the shore as to get aground. Before floating again thirty shells were thrown, with great precision of aim, into the rear of the battery, from which spot flames were soon seen to burst forth. The execution of the shells was described by the Picket, which was in a situation to see where they struck, as "beautiful." The steamer soon drew off into deeper water. One hundred and twenty-four shells were thrown during the day from two guns on this boat, all of which, excepting six, fell within the fort. One shot passed through the upper works of this steamer, and one shell exploded on her forward deck, but no one was injured.

The Hunchback went into action at 11 o'clock, commencing with the rebel gun-boats. As they retired upon the other side of their obstructions, out of range, the Hunchback turned upon the battery at Pork Point. At half past three a rebel shot struck the engine and disabled it. The steamer then cast anchor, and continued its fire till dark, though at times exposed to a cross-fire from the rebel gun-boats and the battery. The Hunchback threw seventy-six shells, twenty-four solid shot from the 100-pounder rifle, and two hundred and eight shell and shrapnel from its three 9-inch guns. The steamer, while hurling its terrific missiles into the rebel gun-boats and battery, was struck eight times. It was in the thickest of the engagement, yet no one was hurt.

The Southfield, which was the flag-ship, at about half past 11 opened fire upon the enemy's fleet, which was stationed near the island between Wier's Point and Pork Point. Flag-Officer Goldsborough was on the deck during the whole engagement. Her 100-pound rifled Parrott did great execution. A 32-pounder passed through her upper works, inflicting no damage and injuring no one.

The Underwriter took the lead in entering the Sound, and fired both the first and second shell at the fort, provoking no reply. The first shell was thrown a distance of two and a half miles. The steamer approached quite near the barricades, which were stretched quite across the Sound, drawing the fire of one after another of the rebel guns. It then fell back a little, opening a vigorous deliberate fire, averaging one shot from the rifled guns every eight minutes. The next morning the commander of the Underwriter, with eight other gun-boats, proceeded to the obstructions to search out the channel, and to remove a sufficient number of the piles to allow the fleet to pass through in pursuit of the fugitive rebel steamers.

The Hetzel, while hotly engaged, was struck by a 32-pound shot on the water-line. The steamer was thus compelled to withdraw from action for a short time to repair damages. In half an hour the Hetzel returned again to its post of toil and danger. A rebel shell soon exploded over the deck, striking one man on the head with a fragment, killing him instantly. Soon after this an 80-pounder rifled gun burst in the act of firing a solid shot, knocking down every man around the piece, wounding three severely, but happily killing none. It was a terrific explosion.

"The part forward of the trunnions fell upon the deck. One-third of the breach went overboard, carrying away the port bulwarks. Another flew high into the air and fell into the water just alongside. And the remaining portion, weighing about a thousand pounds, was driven through the deck, breaking one of the beams, passed through the magazine and the deck below, and lodged upon the keelson. The magazine was set on fire, and only extinguished in time to avoid an explosion by the presence of

mind, promptitude, and intrepidity of Lieutenant Charles L. Franklin." This accident rendered it necessary to withdraw from the action, and to anchor beyond the range of the rebel guns.

The Louisiana, early in the action, was set on fire by the explosion of an 80-pound shell thrown from the works of the enemy. The projectile entered just below the hawser pipe, passed through the chain-locker, shattering several links of the chain, and exploded in the hold among sacks of coal, blowing off the batches, which were battered down. The ship reeled as if shaken by an earthquake, was set on fire, and otherwise severely injured. With promptness and coolness truly wonderful in the midst of such a scene of excitement and peril, in six minutes the flames were extinguished, and the ship was again hurling its destructive missiles upon the foe. The Louisiana threw one hundred and eighty-one shot and shell, and consumed eight hundred and sixty-seven pounds of powder.

"The Stars and Stripes," writes the correspondent of the New York *Commercial*, "was engaged six hours, and came as near the battery as her draught would permit. She once ventured too close and grounded, but succeeded in steaming off. At one period of the engagement she was situated between the gun-boats of the enemy and the battery, and her entire armament was actively engaged. From her gun-deck she threw 8-inch shells from two 64-pounder guns on each side, while her 20-pounder Parrott gun and two rifled howitzers on the upper deck poured in their fire. A shot cut one of the stays, and another passed between her masts. While the Stars and Stripes was aground for two hours she kept up a constant fire, and received the fire of the battery. Her officers behaved in the most cool and courageous manner, proving themselves worthy of the cause which they defended."

The Morse took a position at first about 1500 yards from the shore, and opened fire upon the enemy's gun-boats, "disabling the steamer Curlew." Then, advancing nearer to the shore, the Morse directed her guns upon the rebel battery, and continued firing until her stock of shells was all expended. The vessel was struck by both shot and shell. Though one man was killed, the steamer suffered no material injury.

The Whitehead from a distance of 1500 yards threw ninety-eight shells, and experienced no casualty. The Lockwood expended one hundred and sixty-eight rounds of ammunition, throwing 80-pound and 12-pound shot, receiving no damage in return. The Brinker threw eighty-nine missiles into the works of the foe, and then withdrew for want of ammunition. The J. N. Seymour took position a mile and a half from the battery, pitching both shot and shell upon the ramparts, where the flag of treason waved. Her fire was directed wholly upon the barbette guns upon the southern extremity of the battery. One man was dangerously wounded,

and one killed. The steamer received no harm, The Ceres opened first upon the rebel gun-boats with a rifled 30-pounder. After continuing this fire vigorously from 11 o'clock until 2 o'clock, the steamer then stood in nearer the fort and commenced firing simultaneously with the rifled gun upon the rebel fleet, and with a 32-pounder shell gun upon the fort. Two men were slightly wounded by the premature discharge of a gun. A shell struck the Ceres on the upper deck, and splitting one of the beams, fell through to the lower deck and burst under the boiler, carrying away one of the grates of the furnace.

The Putnam opened fire with shrapnel from a 20-pounder Parrott. Keeping up a steady fire, it drew nearer and nearer until within seven hundred yards of the battery, when broadside to and keeping still in motion, it commenced throwing shot and shell from a 32-pounder. Most of the enemy's shot passed over the steamer. No one was hurt on board the vessel, and but little damage was done. The Shawsheen and the Granite also took an active part in the conflict, inflicting serious loss upon the enemy and receiving none in return.

Roanoke Inlet, through which the ships entered into Croatan Sound, is but two hundred feet wide, and so difficult is the channel that great care is necessary in threading it. It was supposed that, at this point, the rebels would plant their batteries. It was probably well for us that they did not. During the naval action the transports were anchored just beyond the range of the rebel guns. Their spars and rigging were crowded with soldiers, clinging to them like swarming bees, as they gazed upon the sublime spectacle. Whenever a well-directed shot accomplished its mission, their hearty cheers blended loudly with the tumult of the battle. The water was much of the time as smooth as a mirror, and the transports, with their crowded spars, were beautifully reflected in the waves below.

It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon when the transports commenced disembarking their troops for the land attack. They reached the shore without opposition. The rebel force, which had been concealed in the woods to dispute their landing, had fled before the storm of shells which the gun-boats had rained down into their covert. The operation of landing impressed every eye with its brilliance. The troops disembarked from the large steamers into small boats, and these boats, sometimes in a long string of twenty, were towed by tugs as near the shore as the water would permit, when the tow-line was cast off and the boats were rowed to the shore. In this way four thousand men were landed in less than an hour. By 11 o'clock at night nearly the whole force intended to storm the fort was on shore.

The Twenty-fifth Massachusetts landed first; then the Tenth Connecticut, followed by the Fifty-first New York, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, the Fourth and Fifth Rhode Island, and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania. The steam-

er conveying the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts grounded just after entering the Sound, and her troops were not put ashore until the next morning.

As the sun rose Saturday morning, February 8, every man on the land and on the sea was roused to activity. The eventful, decisive day had manifestly come. The rebel forts were to be stormed, and it could hardly be doubted that the result would prove a glorious victory or a disastrous defeat. The navy had nobly fulfilled its part, and now the troops were to march, with bare bosoms, against the batteries of the foe. The boats, about 9 o'clock, threw a few shot into the fort, and then withheld their fire; and while the troops were marching to the assault, engaged in removing the obstructions which had been placed in the channel. The rebel fleet during the night had disappeared, their boats having run up the Sound, hoping to escape from the doom which now seemed inevitable.

The conflict on land was short, fierce, bloody. The troops, who marched in three columns under Generals Foster, Reno, and Parke, swept all opposition before them, and in a sanguinary fight of but about two hours' duration, gained possession of the whole island. The victory was complete. General Shaw, who commanded the port, as he delivered up his sword, said, "I give up my sword and surrender to you five thousand men." The correspondent of the *New York Commercial*, who was on board the Union fleet, graphically describes the scenes of which he was an eye-witness. To him we are much indebted for many of the facts contained in this narrative. Speaking of the forts and batteries so gallantly captured, he says:

"The works are constructed in the most substantial manner. The names by which they were known among the rebels are Fort Huger, on Wier's Point, northernmost on the shore of the Island; Fort Blanchard to the south of this, and Fort Bartow, on Pork Point, the most southern of the channel-bearing works. On the eastern shore of the Island, at Robb's Fishery, a battery mounting two guns, pointed inland, was erected to cover the retreat of the rebel forces toward Nag's Head.

"Battery Huger, on Wier's Point, is a semi-circular work, mounting eight heavy thirty-twos in embrasure in the centre, and two *en barbette* at each end, one of which is rifled. A rear curtain, with a salient angle in the centre, protects the rear. A large quadrangular bomb-proof occupies the centre. Battery Blanchard mounts four thirty-twos *en barbette*, with a left flanking curtain extending round to the rear. Battery Bartow, or Pork Point Battery, is semi-circular, with a long curtain of sand extending three hundred yards from the right along the shore. This fort mounts six embrasure guns, with one empty embrasure, and three guns mounted *en barbette*. One of the barbette guns is an 80-pounder. Ammunition in abundance was found in these works."

As it is our object in this paper to speak particularly of the achievements of the navy, we must deny ourselves the privilege of narrating the heroic charges of the land troops. Works so strongly fortified, and manned by five thousand men, could not be taken, notwithstanding the bombardment from the fleet, without the most chivalric courage. The naval battle, as we have mentioned, commenced on the morning of the 9th, and continued through the day. The next morning a few shells were thrown into such of the rebel works as were within range of the fleet, and then the army commenced its perilous march to storm the ramparts. It was a triumphant advance. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our troops. After a day of tumult and blood, every flag of treason was in the dust, and the Stars and Stripes floated victoriously over the whole Island. The next morning, Sunday the 9th, Flag-Officer Goldsborough sent the following joyful report to Secretary Welles, whose energy had contributed so greatly to create the engine which had accomplished results so glorious.

"Roanoke is ours. The military authorities struck to us yesterday. Their means of defense were truly formidable, and they were used with a determination worthy of a better cause. They consisted of two elaborately constructed works, mounting together twenty-two heavy guns, three of them being 100-pounders rifled; four other batteries mounting together twenty guns, a large proportion of them being also of large calibre, and some of them rifled; eight steamers mounting two guns each, and each having a rifled gun, with a diameter of a 32-pounder; a prolonged obstruction of sunken vessels and piles to thwart our advance; and altogether a body of men numbering scarcely less than five thousand, of whom three thousand are now our prisoners.

"The fighting commenced on the morning of the 9th, at about 11 o'clock, and was continued till dark. The following morning it was renewed at an early hour, and it lasted until well in the afternoon, when, by a bold charge of our army, the rebel flag was made to succumb, and our own was hoisted every where on the Island in its place. No attack could have been more completely executed; and it was carried out precisely in accordance with the arrangements made before the expedition left Hatteras Inlet."

The rebel Commodore Lynch, in his official report, speaking of the naval battle, says:

"The fight lasted continuously from 10 A.M. till half past 5 P.M., throughout which the soldiers in the battery sustained their position with a gallantry which won our warmest approbation. The fire was terrific; and at times the battery would be enveloped in the sand and dust thrown up by shot and shell."

The killed of the rebels, who were protected by well-constructed earth-works, according to the *Richmond Despatch*, was but sixteen. The

Union loss of the land-force, according to Appleton's Encyclopædia, was thirty-five killed and two hundred wounded. The joint proclamation issued on the 18th to the people of North Carolina, by Flag-Officer Goldsborough and General Burnside, is worthy of historic preservation, as showing the pure patriotism which animated the leaders of the Union army. It was couched in the following terms:

"The mission of our joint expedition is not to invade any of your rights, but to assert the authority of the United States, and to close with you the desolating war brought on your State by comparatively a few bad men in your midst. Influenced infinitely more by the worst passions of human nature than by any show of elevated reason, they are still urging you astray to gratify their unholy purposes.

"They impose upon your credulity by telling you of wicked and even diabolical intentions on our part—of our desire to destroy your freedom, demolish your property, liberate your slaves, injure your women, and such like enormities—all of which, we assure you, is not only ridiculous, but utterly and willfully false.

"We are Christians as well as yourselves, and we profess to know full well and to feel profoundly the sacred obligations of that character. No apprehensions need to be entertained that the demands of humanity or justice will be disregarded. We shall inflict no injury unless forced to do so by your own acts, and upon this you may confidently rely.

"Those men are your worst enemies. They, in truth, have drawn you into your present condition, and are the real disturbers of your peace and the happiness of your firesides.

"We invite you, in the name of the Constitution, and in that of virtuous loyalty and civilization, to separate yourselves at once from their malign influence, to return to your allegiance, and not compel us to resort further to the force under our control.

"The Government asks only that its authority may be recognized, and, we repeat, in no manner or way does it desire to interfere with your laws, constitutionally established, your institutions of any kind whatever, your property of any sort, your usages in any respect."

The afternoon of the day after the surrender, Sunday, the 9th, Commander Rowan, by order of Flag-Officer Goldsborough, with fourteen steamers, pursued the rebel gun-boats up Albemarle Sound, hoping to find them at Elizabeth City. This was a small town of about two thousand inhabitants, situated on the Pasquotank River, about twenty miles from its mouth. Reliable information had been received that the rebel steamers had entered the river, and had undoubtedly sought refuge at that place.

It was about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon when the expedition started on this new enterprise. The following steamers composed the fleet: Delaware, Underwriter, Louisiana, Lockwood, Seymour, Hetzel, Shawsheen, Valley City, General Putnam, Commodore Perry, Ceres, Morse, Whitehead, and Brincker. It was about forty miles from Roanoke Island across Albemarle Sound and up the broad bay, called Pasquotank River, to Elizabeth City. As the steamers pressed rapidly along over the shallow waters of this vast inland sea they discovered in the afternoon three small rebel steamers, to which they gave chase; but as the darkness came on the rebels escaped. There was a bar at the mouth of the river, over which the flo-

tilla steamed slowly and cautiously; and a little after 8 o'clock they anchored about ten miles below Fort Cobb, where the rebels had a battery, under the protection of whose guns the fugitive fleet was clustered.

In consequence of the tremendous bombardment of the preceding day, and the haste in which the pursuit had been undertaken, the steamers were but slenderly provided with ammunition, having but twenty-two rounds for each gun. It became, therefore, necessary not to waste a single charge. Commander Rowan assembled on board his flag-ship all the commissioned officers, informed them of his plans of operation for the next day, and enjoined it upon them not to fire a shot until the order was given, but to endeavor to run the enemy down, converting the steamers into so many rams, and then boarding the foe to engage in a hand-to-hand fight.

At daylight the next morning, the 10th, the flotilla weighed anchor, and in the following order advanced to meet the foe: The Underwriter, Perry, Morse, and Delaware led to reconnoitre. On their right flank came the Ceres, followed by the remaining steamers. Their object was to run the battery, for they had not sufficient ammunition to attempt to silence it. Two of the steamers, however, the Valley City and the Whitehead, were ordered, as soon as the flotilla had passed the battery, to leave the line, and, turning back, to attack the rebel works in reverse.

Fort Cobb was on a point of land projecting nearly a quarter of a mile into the estuary, where it began rapidly to narrow. It was armed with four heavy 32-pounders. The rebel Commodore Lynch commanded it in person. There was moored opposite the fort, on the other side of the river, the schooner Black Warrior, which carried two 32-pounders. It was necessary for the flotilla, almost without ammunition, to run the gauntlet through a narrow channel between the fort and the schooner. Just beyond the battery the rebel gun-boats, all prepared for action, were drawn up diagonally across the river. These steamers were armed with 80 and 12 pounder rifled guns. The Union steamers, in passing through the narrow channel, would be so crowded together that it would be scarcely possible but that every shot fired by the foe would strike some one of them.

It seemed, indeed, a desperate adventure to attempt to thread that channel in the face of such a force in front and on both flanks. Indeed, the rebels had no idea that it would be possible for the fleet to accomplish such an achievement. The scene which ensued can not be better described than in the words of Commander Rowan:

"Our force moved on silently and steadily, shot and shell passing over the vessels in advance, and falling thick and fast among the vessels in the main column. When within three-quarters of a mile of the battery I made signal, 'Dash at the enemy!' Our fire was



HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

then opened with telling effect, and our vessels put to their utmost speed.

"The enemy seemed to become demoralized at this unexpected and determined movement. The *Black Warrior* was set on fire and destroyed by her officers and crew. The fort was abandoned as the head of our column passed it. A dash was then made at the enemy drawn up inside. The *Perry*, Lieutenant Commanding Flusser, took the flag-ship *Sea Bird* in gallant style, running her down and sinking her, making prisoners of her officers and crew. The *Underwriter* made to cut off the retreat of the *Beaufort*. The *Ceres* ran ahead and took possession of the *Ellis*. Some of the crew of the *Ellis*, in making their escape on shore, were killed and wounded by our mus-

ketry. Among the wounded was Midshipman Jackson, who was taken on board the *Hetzel*, where he received every possible care and attention. He survived but a few hours, and was buried with all the honors due his rank. The *Delaware* boarded and hauled down the rebel flag of the *Fanny*, which had been deserted and set on fire."

In this impetuous assault but little attention was paid to the battery or to the armed schooner as our little fleet, regardless of the storm of shell and grape, rushed at its highest speed through the channel and dashed into the midst of the panic-stricken rebel gun-boats. A hand-to-hand fight ensued with revolvers, bayonets, and sabres. Many of the rebels, in their attempt to escape, leaped into the water, and not

a few were drowned. The struggle was short, desperate, and decisive. Scarcely fifteen minutes elapsed after our fleet plunged into the midst of the foe ere the victory was no longer contested. The Black Warrior was abandoned and in flames. The terror-stricken garrison were fleeing precipitately from the fort. Four rebel ships were burned, one captured, and two, escaping from the vortex of destruction, ran frantically up the river. In this spirited action but two were killed, and about a dozen wounded on board the Union fleet. The rebel loss could not be ascertained.

The *ram principle* was on this occasion very efficiently brought into operation. The Commodore Perry plunged into the Sea Bird, nearly cutting her in two. The Ceres ran down the rebel steamer Ellis and boarded her. The Underwriter, in the same style, captured the Forrest; and thus did the Delaware assail and seize the Fanny. There was the most intense eagerness on board every Union steamer to get as quickly as possible, and as near as possible, in contact with the foe. The two boats which escaped, the Raleigh and Beaufort, ran up the river, and entered the canal which leads to Norfolk.

The rebels who escaped from the gun-boats fled to the little village called Elizabeth City, and immediately commenced firing the principal buildings. Most of the population had deserted their homes under the delusion that it was the object of the expedition to burn the place, and to inflict every species of wanton injury upon the inhabitants. Commander Rowan immediately ran three or four of his steamers alongside of the wharves. As he approached he saw a battery of field-artillery rapidly retreating down one of the streets. Some of his men landed and arrested Lieutenant Scroggs, an artillery officer of the Wise Legion, who was compelling the inhabitants to apply the torch to their dwellings. Several were already in flames. But Commander Rowan, as soon as he witnessed the Vandalism of the foe, conscious that they would impute the crime to him, summoned all back to the fleet.

"I immediately," said he, "ordered all our people on board their respective ships, and that no visitors between shore and ships should be permitted. Some of the defenseless inhabitants, men and women, came to the wharf to implore me to save their houses and property from destruction. But I refused to allow a man to move, knowing that if I acceded to their request we would be charged with Vandalism as incendiaries."

Commander Rowan assured the inhabitants that he came not to injure their beautiful village, but to give them protection. Thus encouraged, as the terrified yet maddened rebel troops fled, they ceased to apply the torch, and the flames were gradually extinguished. Several of the best buildings, however, and among

them the Court-house, were destroyed. The negroes, at all times and every where, patriotic, guided by almost a divine instinct which enabled them to see that to which the poor whites were blind, flocked in rejoicing crowds to the landing-place, with exuberance of exultation which even the presence of their sullen masters could not restrain. They came with their baskets loaded with poultry, eggs, and other luxuries, and received in payment higher prices than they asked. Thus terminated one of the most brilliant, though one of the shortest, naval engagements which had thus far occurred during the war. At forty-five minutes after 9 o'clock not a rebel flag could be seen floating any where. At six minutes past 9 we opened our fire upon the gun-boats and the battery. At twenty-five minutes past 9 the schooner struck her colors, and almost at the same moment the rebel garrison fled from the fort, waving a flag in signal to the gun-boats to run on shore and save themselves as they could. At forty-five minutes past 9 the work was done, and the Delaware was moored at the wharf of Elizabeth City.

Having effected the destruction of the munitions of war and other governmental stores at Elizabeth City the fleet was withdrawn to Cobb's Point. Three days were then devoted to the destruction of all the military works and the enginery with which the rebels could avail themselves in their infamous assault against their country's flag. On Tuesday, February 11, Commander Murray,* with four steamers, was sent to Edenton. This was a small town, of about sixteen hundred inhabitants, of some military importance from its situation at the head of Edenton Bay and at the mouth of the Chowan River.

The expedition arrived at the mouth of the harbor about half past eight in the morning of Wednesday, the 12th. Cautiously they entered, through the intricate harbor, the Lockwood in the advance. No resistance was offered. At half past ten they were in possession of the town. A flying regiment of artillery took to their wings without firing a shot. The inhabitants also fled in terror, as they had been informed by their base deceivers that the population of Elizabeth City had been surrendered to indiscriminate massacre. These foolish fears were, however, soon quieted. A few cannon were destroyed, a considerable quantity of provisions captured, and after remaining about two hours, during which time they were visited by the authorities and others, many of whom professed sentiments of loyalty, they returned to the fleet. Thus the spacious waters of Pamlico and Albermarle Sounds were swept of the flag of the rebellion.

* Commander S. C. Rowan, in his Report, as published by the Secretary of the Navy, says, "Lieut. Com. Murray." But in the Report published in the Reb. Record his name is signed *Mauvy*.



THE PRINCE OF KUNG.

THE PRINCE OF KUNG.

THIS Prince, son of the Emperor Taikwang, brother to the Emperor Hein-fung, uncle and guardian to the present Emperor, and for more than three years Regent of the Empire, whose likeness I herewith inclose, fills a conspicuous place in the history of his country.

Emerging from the obscurity of the Court, in 1860, to save the capital and the throne by prudent negotiation at a time when the Emperor was flying from his burning palaces, and when the victorious Allies were in possession of the gates of Peking, he has continued up to the present time the central figure in the foreign relations of China. He is, in fact, the first and only prince of the blood who ever condescended to treat in person with the feared and hated foreigner. The present is not an inopportune time for noticing the career and character of this distinguished individual, as by one of those sudden revolutions, less frequent in Peking than in other Oriental courts, he has lately fallen from his high position.

I have seen him on two occasions—once when our Minister, Mr. Burlingame, went to the Foreign Yamen to take leave of his Highness, and again, a few days later, when the prince paid Mr. Burlingame a farewell visit at the United States Legation.

The Foreign Yamen is not a very princely looking establishment. A cluster of weather-beaten buildings, one story in height, floored with brick, and glazed with paper, exhibiting in every part a sad spectacle of dust and decay, while in the front court a huge tree, completely dead, a suggestive symbol, stretched its leafless branches over the entrance; it looked more akin to the buildings in which the king of Ashantee holds his grand *palaver* than to the stately edifices of our Western governments. Since then the mandarins have been trying how far an application of paint can bring back its departed glory; hut, alas! no artifice can avail to restore sap to the withered tree, and a few days ago the axe was applied to its root in obedience to the mandate—"Cut it down, why cumhereth it the ground?"—*Dii vertant omen funeste!*

It can not be said that Prince Kung is a very princely-looking personage. Though of Tartar blood unmixed, his physiognomy is Chinese of the Chinese. With an eye of most celestial obliquity, and a nose, whose elevation scarcely interferes with the affectionate glances which one organ might be supposed to cast at its image reflected in the other, his features are a type of his race. They are not, however, altogether disagreeable as an index of the inner man. Though expressive of indolence, they

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